

HODDER DARGAUD PRESENTS



Asterix

TEXT: GOSCINNY
DRAWINGS: UDERZO

and the GOLDEN SICKLE



Asterix and the Golden Sickle

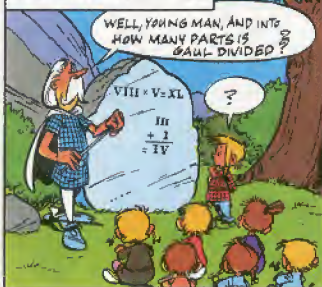
THE FIERCELY INDEPENDENT LITTLE VILLAGE WHERE ASTERIX AND THE OTHER GAULS LIVE IS AT PEACE...



OBELIX IS HAPPILY AT WORK, CARVING OUT A MENHIR...



CACOFONIX THE BARD IS GIVING THE CHILDREN LESSONS...

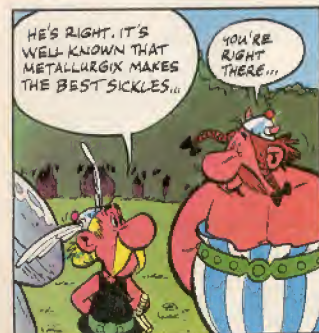
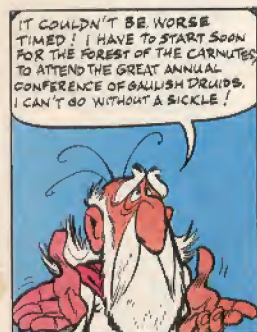


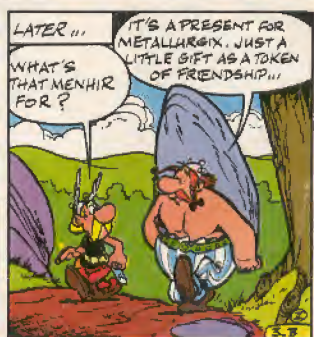
IN SHORT, EVERYONE IS CONTENTED. ALL IS PEACE AND PLENTY...



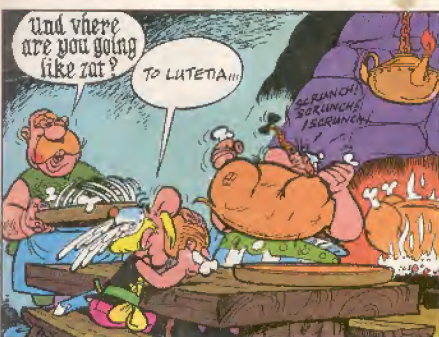
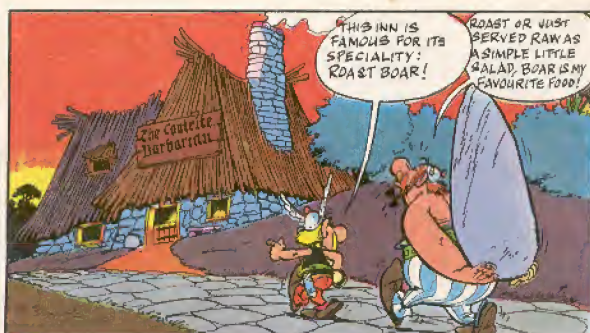
WHEN SUDDENLY...



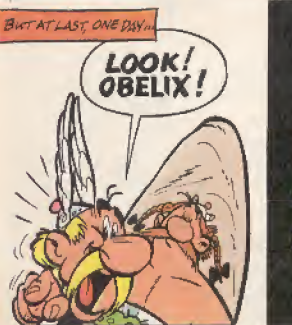
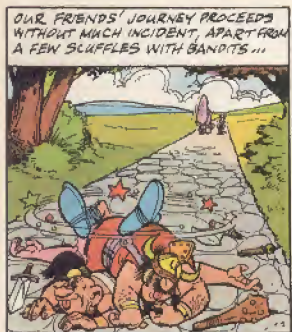
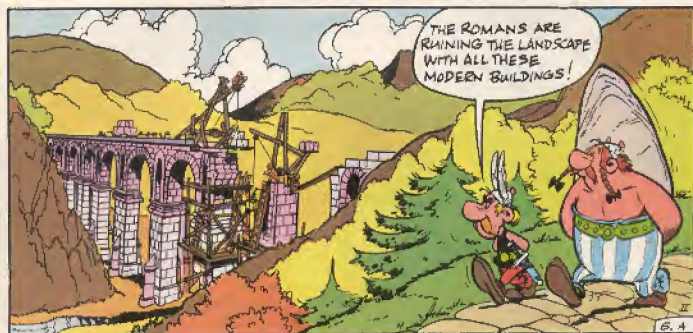


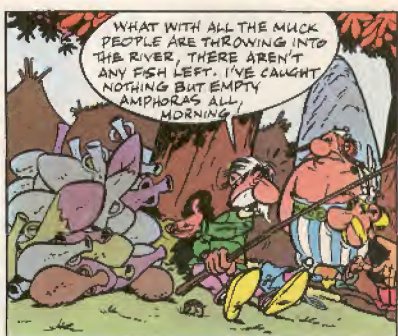


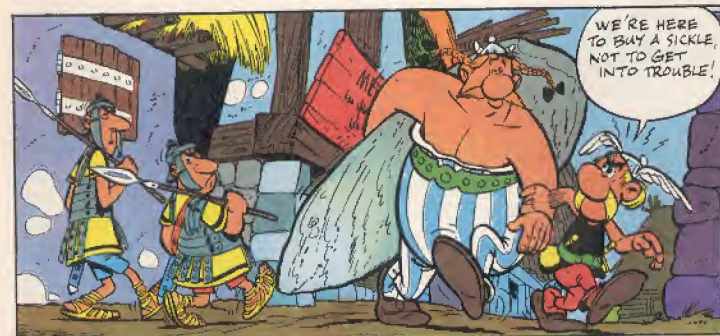
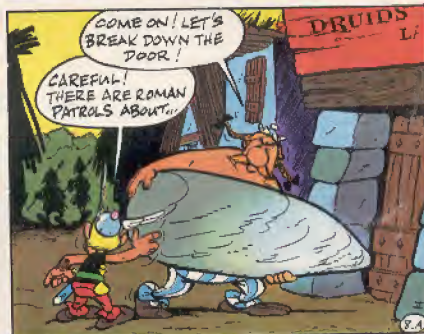
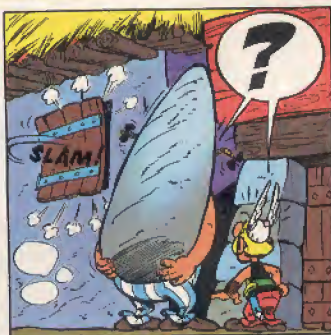


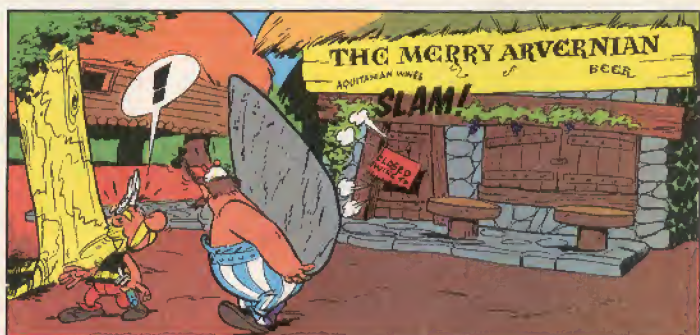


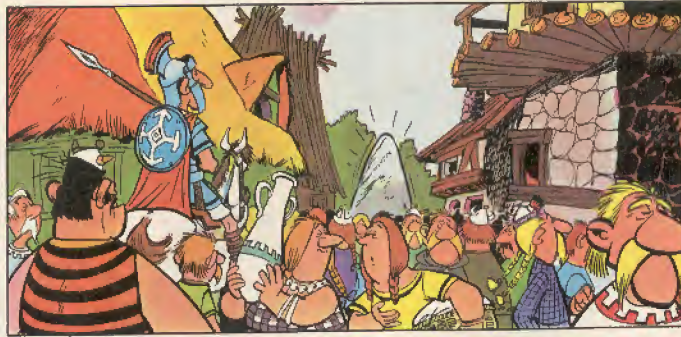
NEXT MORNING!!!



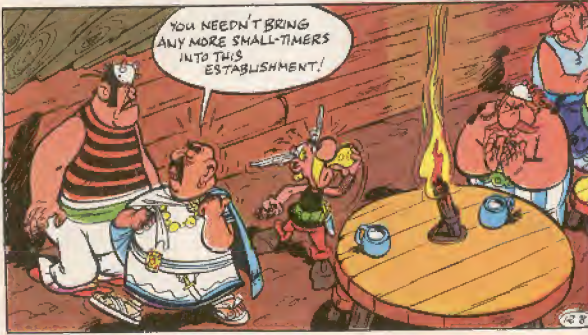




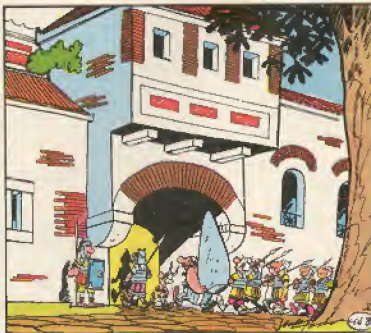


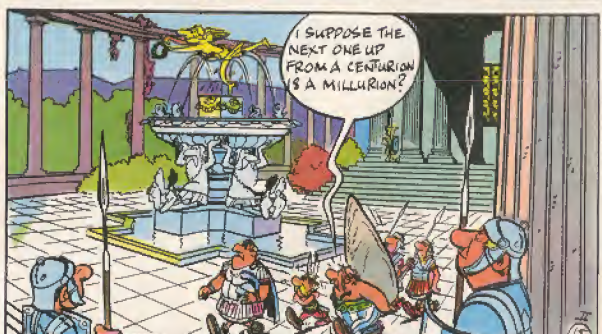
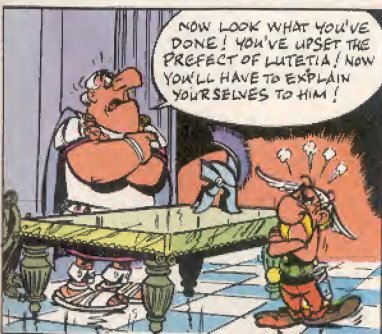
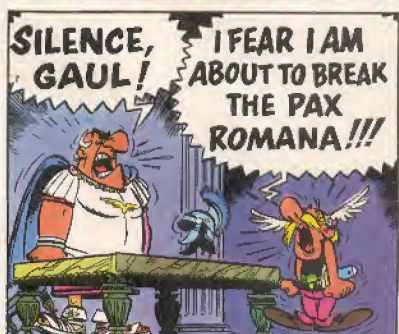
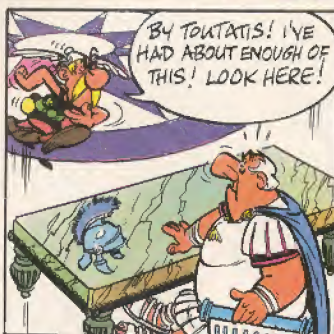
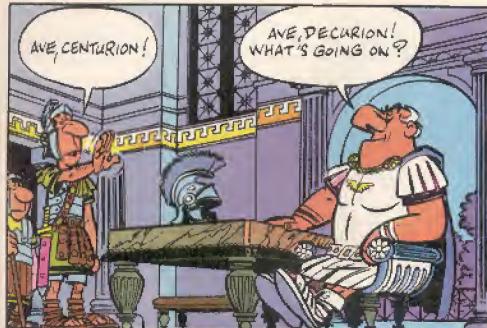


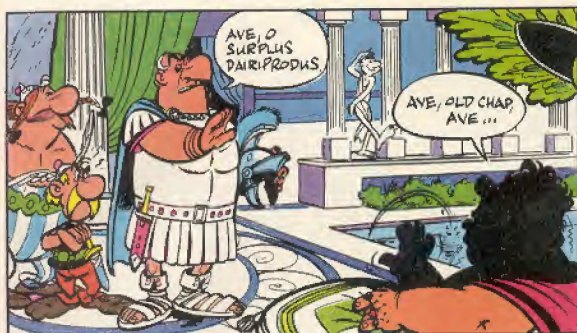












AVE, O SURPLUS DAIRIPRODUS.

AVE, OLD CHAP, AVE...



WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE DISTURBING MY MEAL?

GAULS. SOME GAULS HAVE BEEN HAVING A PUNCH-UP.



I'M TIRED OF GAULS, THEY'RE ALWAYS FIGHTING. IT'S SUCH A BORE...



THESE TWO GAULS HAVE BROKEN UP NAVISHTRIX'S PLACE.



HAD A DROP TOO MUCH BEER, EH?

NO, WE WERE JUST TRYING TO BUY A GOLDEN SICKLE FOR OUR DRUID.

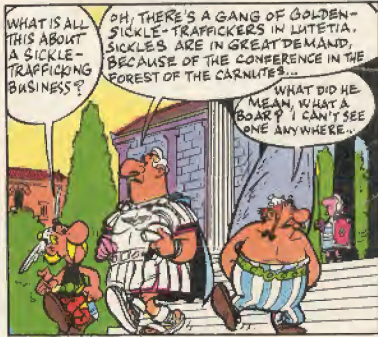


I ALWAYS THOUGHT NAVISHTRIX WAS MIXED UP IN THIS SICKLE-TRAFFICKING BUSINESS...

HOW VERY PERVICACIOUS OF YOU, O SURPLUS DAIRIPRODUS.



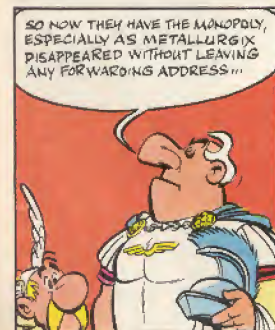
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, RELEASE THESE GAULS, I FIND THEM TIRING... WHAT A BORE, WHAT A BORE...



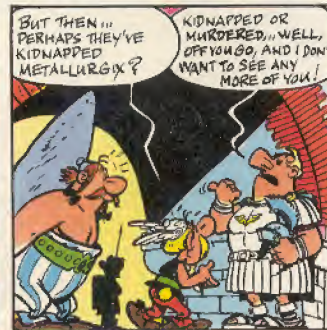
WHAT IS ALL THIS ABOUT A SICKLE-TRAFFICKING BUSINESS?

OH, THERE'S A GANG OF GOLDEN-SICKLE-TRAFFICKERS IN LUTETIA. SICKLES ARE IN GREAT DEMAND, BECAUSE OF THE CONFERENCE IN THE FOREST OF THE CARNUTES...

WHAT DID HE MEAN, WHAT A BORE? I CAN'T SEE ONE ANYWHERE...



SO NOW THEY HAVE THE MONOPOLY, ESPECIALLY AS METALLURGIX DISAPPEARED WITHOUT LEAVING ANY FORWARDING ADDRESS...

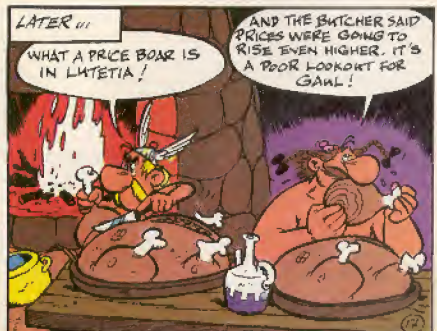
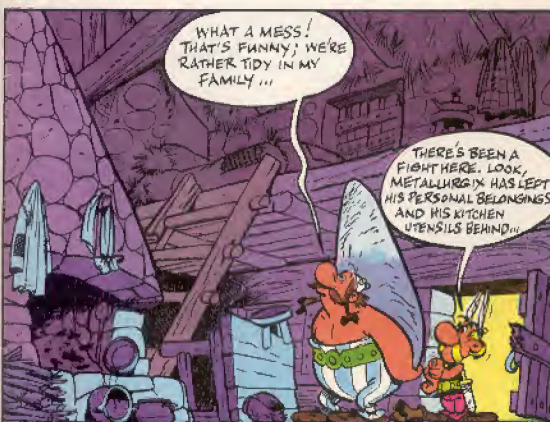
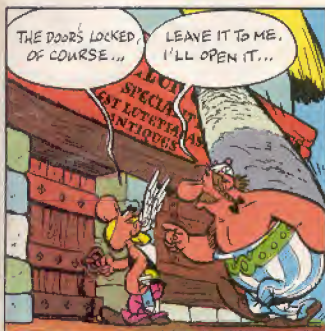
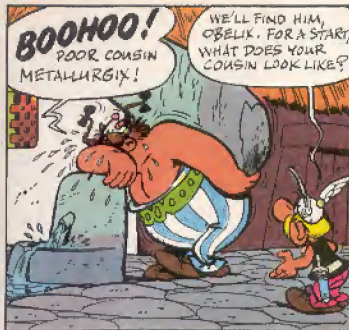


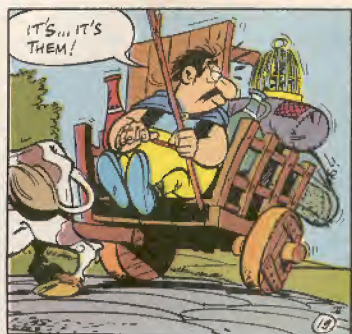
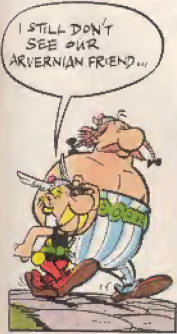
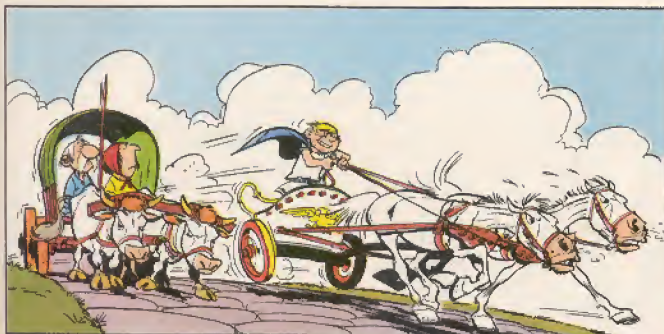
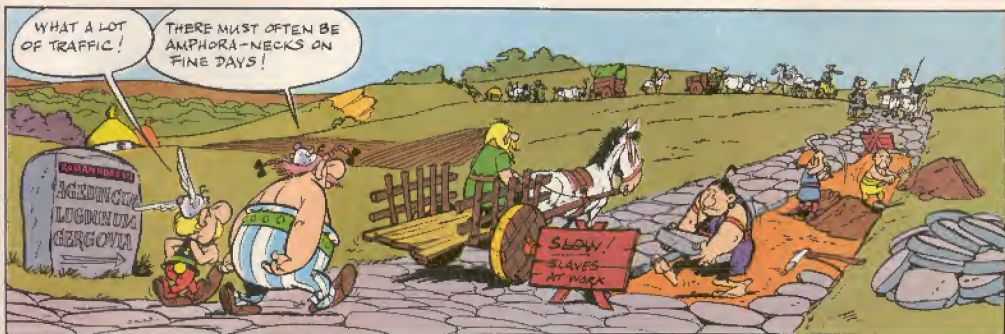
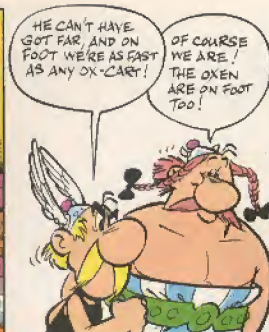
BUT THEN... PERHAPS THEY'VE KIDNAPPED METALLURGIX?

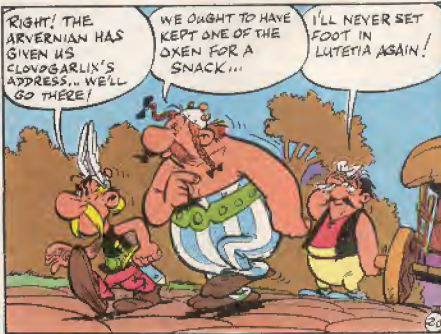
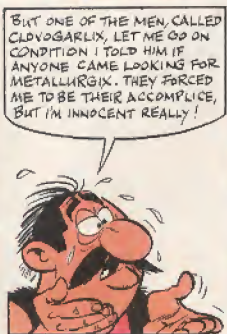
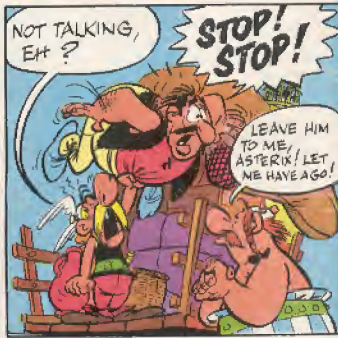
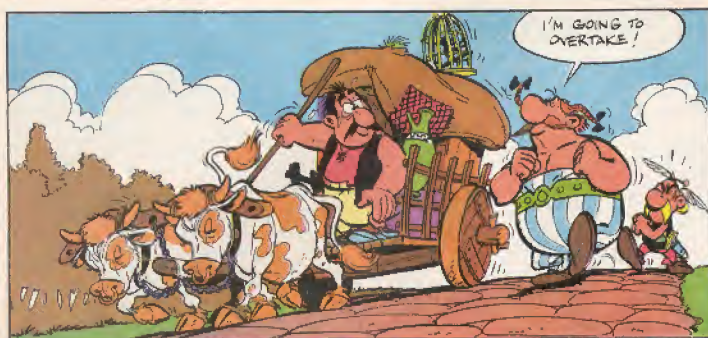
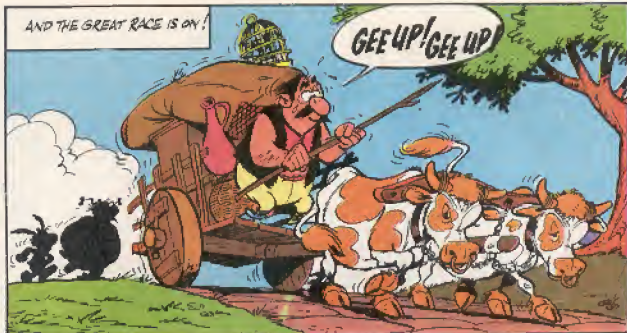
KIDNAPPED OR MURDERED... WELL, OFF YOU GO, AND I DON'T WANT TO SEE ANY MORE OF YOU!

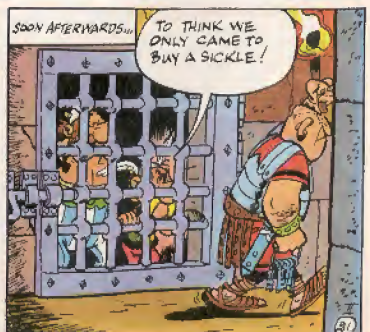
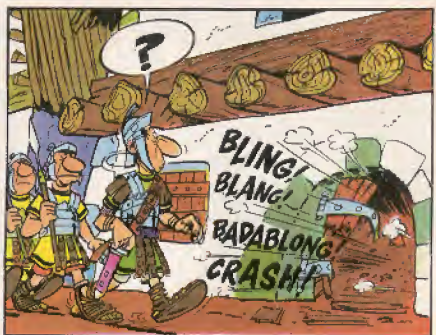
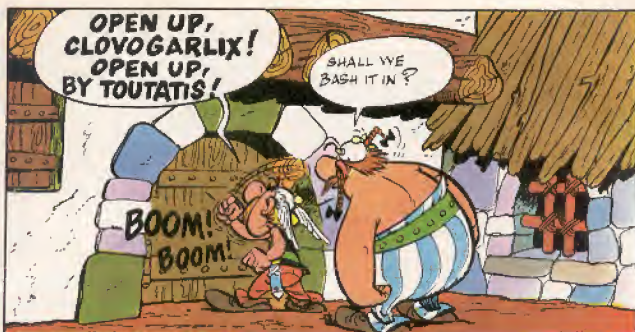
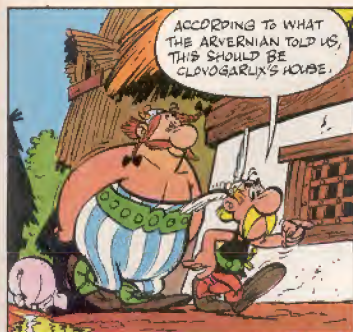


BOOOHOOOO! POOR COUSIN METALLURGIX!

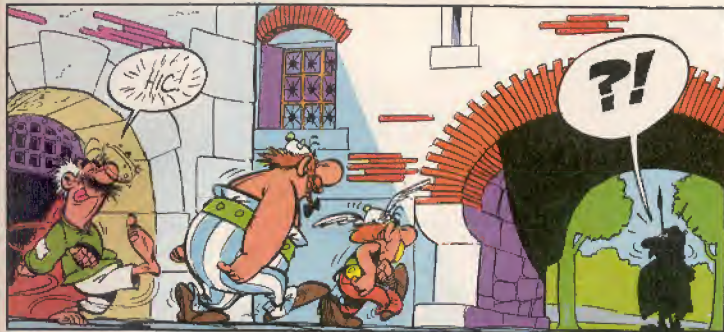








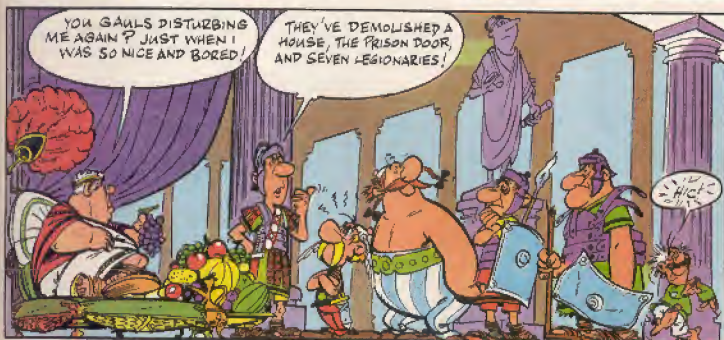




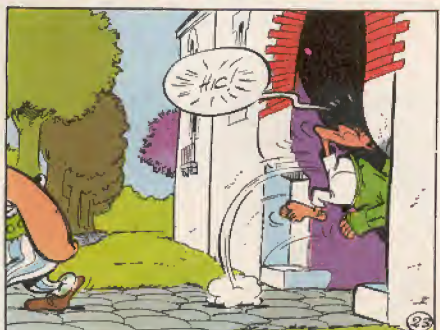
HELP! RAISE THE ALARM! THE PRISONERS ARE ESCAPING!

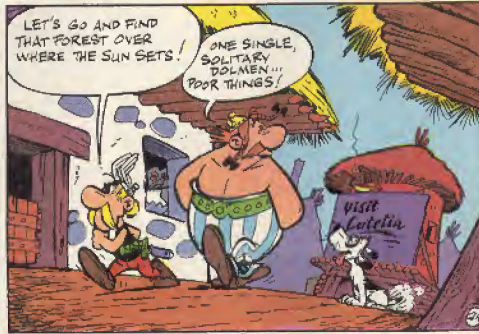
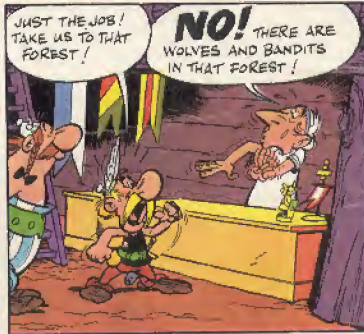
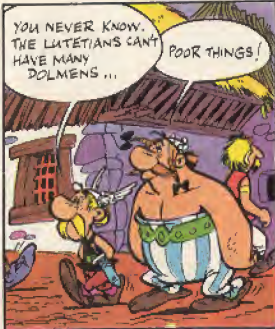


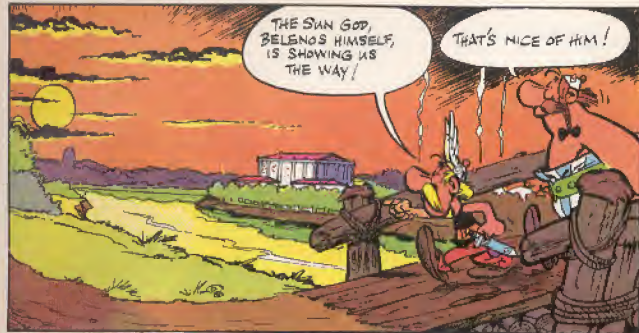
STOP, BY MERCURY! MY MASTER THE PERFECT IS COMPLAINING ABOUT THE NOISE. HE ORDERS YOU TO GO AND EXPLAIN WHAT'S HAPPENING!



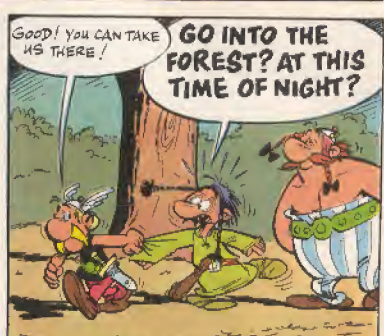
I FIND THAT ALMOST AMUSING. IT'S QUITE GOOD! AS A REWARD, I SHALL SET THESE TWO GAULS FREE!

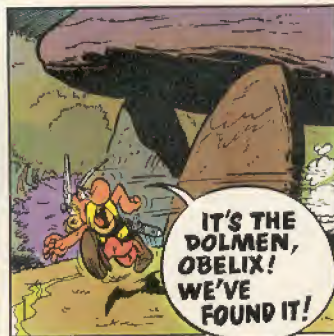
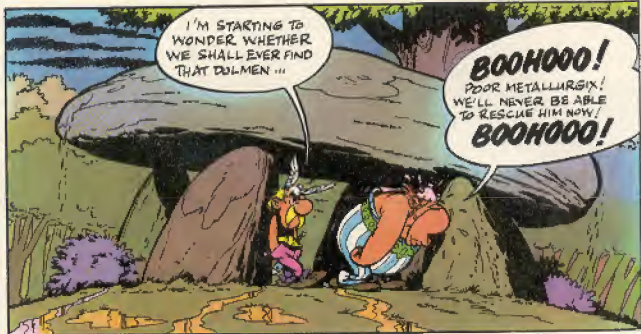




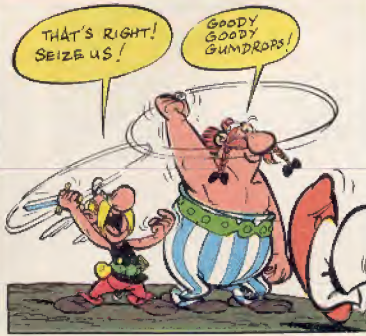
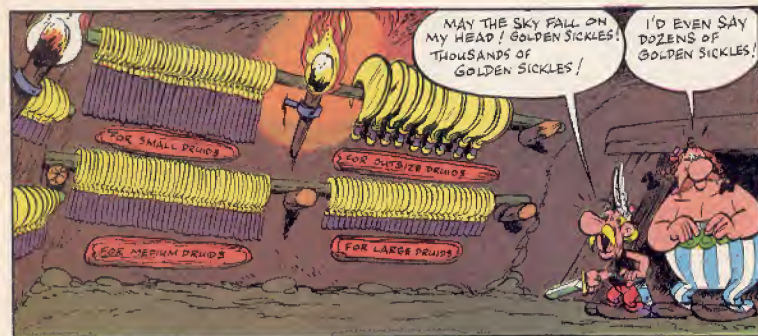




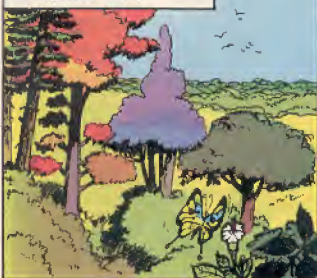








WARM RAYS OF BRILLIANT
SUNSHINE LIGHT UP A
CLOUDLESS SKY !!!



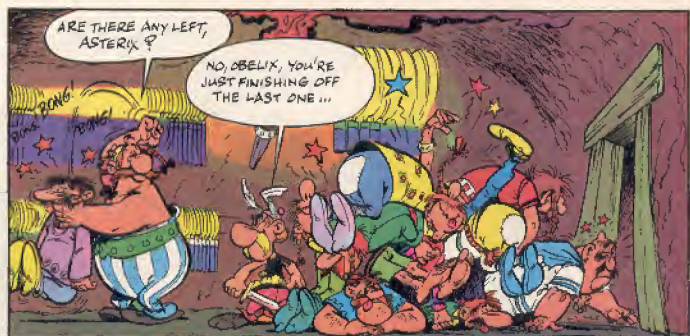
!!! LITTLE BIRDS WARBLE ON
THE LEAFY BRANCHES !!!

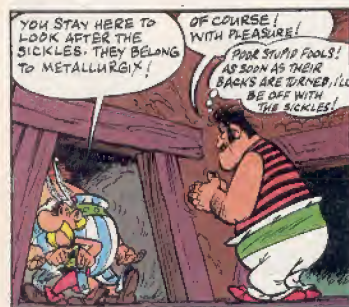
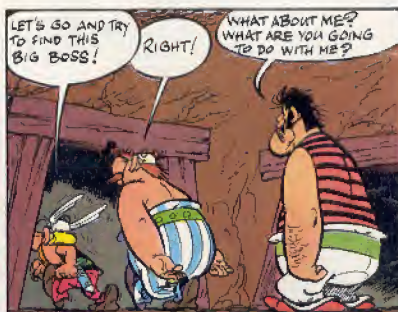
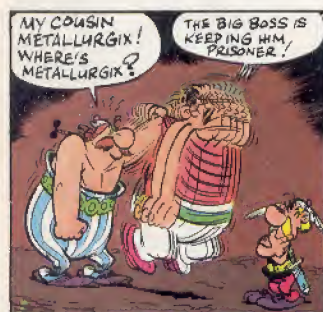


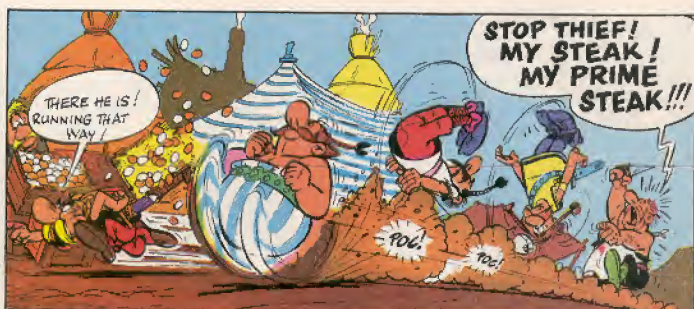
!!! SQUIRRELS PLAY ON
THE MOSSY GROUND !!!

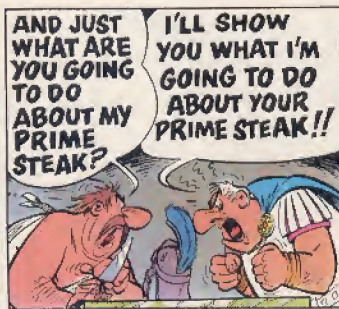
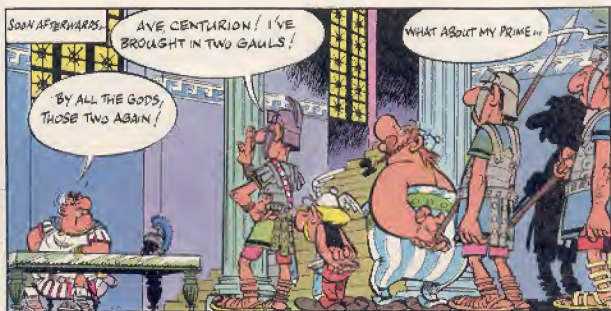
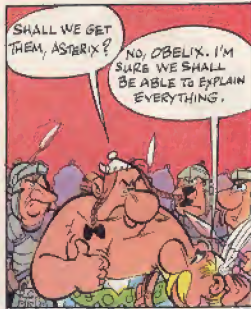
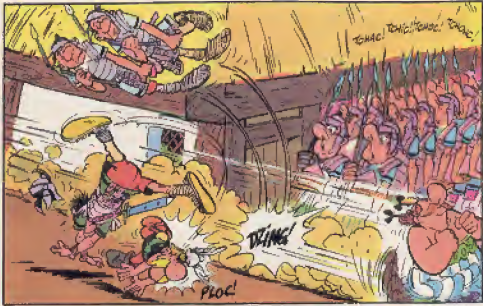


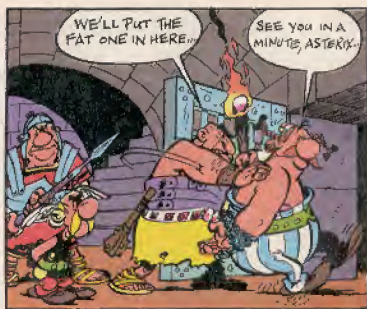
!!! WHILE UNDERNEATH
THE MOSSY GROUND !!!

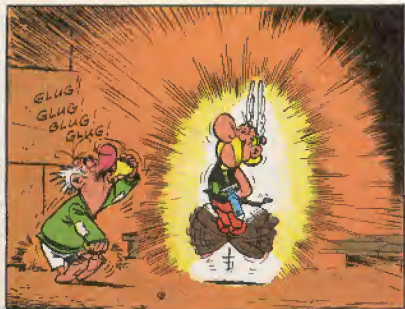


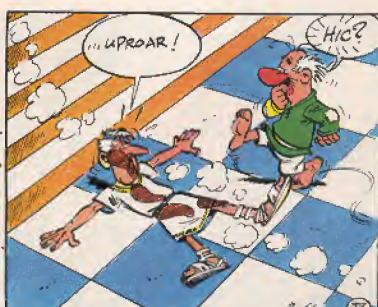
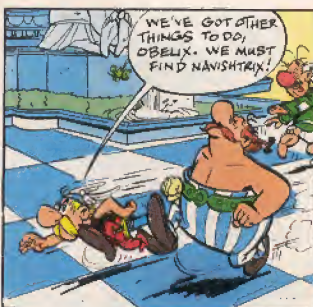
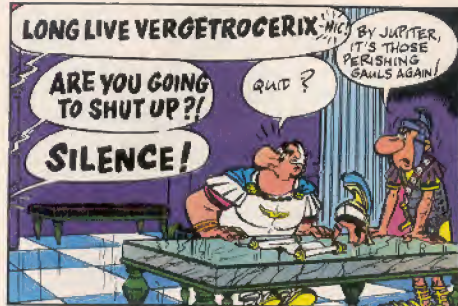


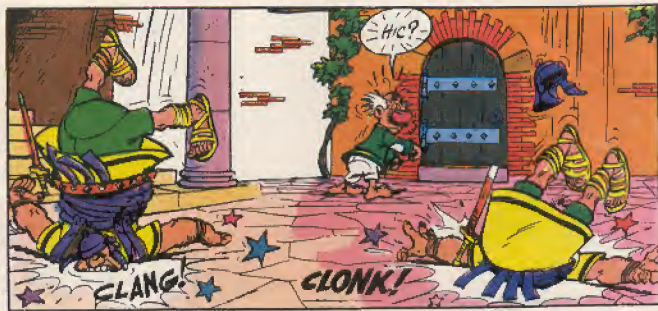


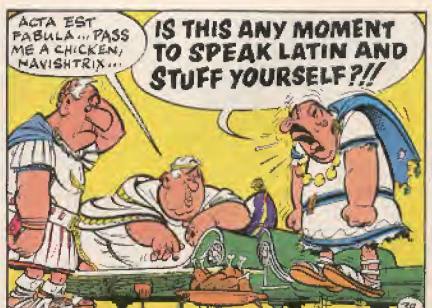
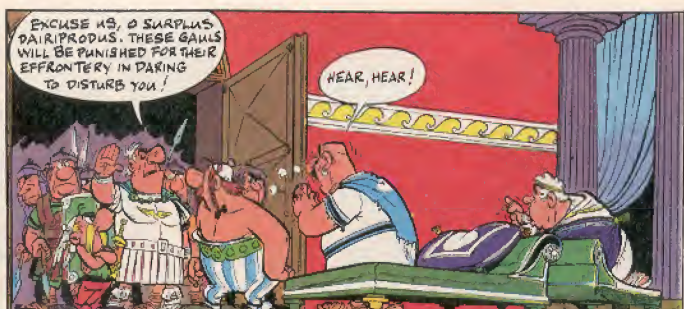
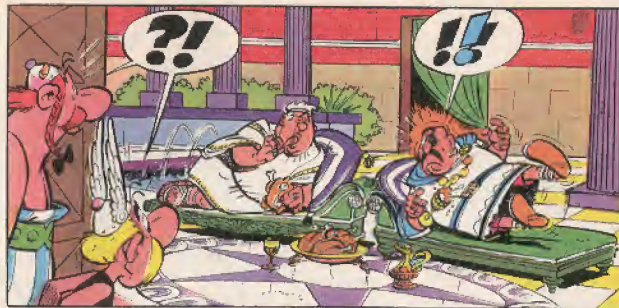


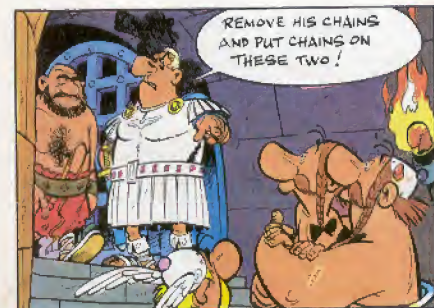
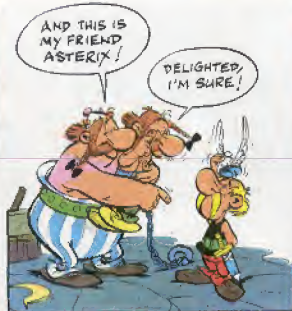
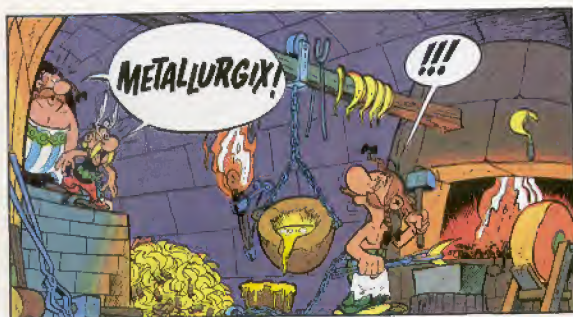


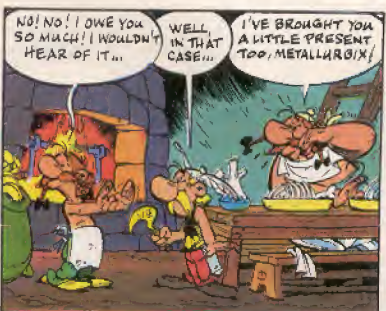
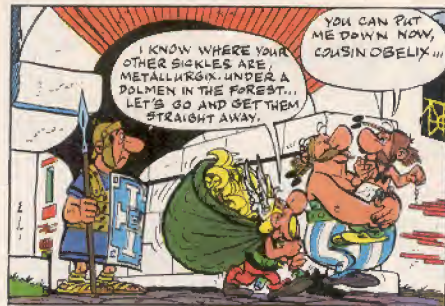












WITH THEIR GOLDEN SICKLE AT LAST,
OUR TWO FRIENDS LEAVE LUTETIA
FOR AN UNEVENTFUL JOURNEY...



APART FROM A FEW
RASH BANDITS...



...A FEW FOOLHARDY BARBARIANS...



COME ALONG, OBELIX! DON'T
DAWDLER!

...AND SEVERAL
CARELESS WILD BOAR...



...THEIR JOURNEY,
AS WE SAID, WAS
UNEVENTFUL!



THEY'LL BE
ABLE TO TELL
US WHAT'S BEEN
WORTH IN LUTETIA
THIS SEASON!



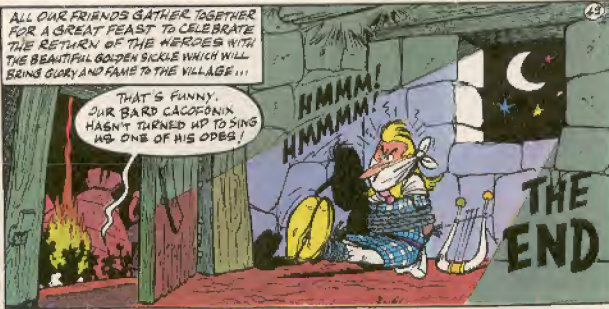
I WILL NOW COMPOSE
AN ODE FOR THIS
GLORIOUS OCCASION!

JUST YOU TRY IT!



ALL OUR FRIENDS GATHER TOGETHER
FOR A GREAT FEAST TO CELEBRATE
THE RETURN OF THE HEROES WITH
THE BEAUTIFUL GOLDEN SICKLE WHICH WILL
BRING GLORY AND FAME TO THE VILLAGE...

THAT'S FUNNY.
OUR BARD CACOPHONIX
HASN'T TURNED UP TO SING
US ONE OF HIS ODES.



THE
END